Of Night Angels and Wolves

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Of Night Angels and Wolves

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Ronnie's not sure why he's taken a newly-made, traumatised werewolf under his wing. It's not something vampires usually do. But he can't leave the kid alone, not when his first transformation could be fatal. Not even if it means getting closer than he ever planned.

Notes

I actually wrote this quite a while ago when I discovered Mads was in a vampire movie (Nattens Engel - 1998, worth a watch though it is hilariously awful), but decided to hang onto it for #EatTheRare.

Ronnie isn't a vampire in the movie... But...
I have a secret soft spot for Hugh in the werewolf movie Blood And Chocolate, though he's not a werewolf in the movie. BUT. I have a thing for vampires and werewolves, so I had to write this pairing… Ronnie and Aiden as a vampire and a werewolf!! (post canon for both for it to make some kind of sense).

My thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Ronnie knew and understood that anguished sound as soon as it met his ears. He even tried to ignore it, but it was so pitiful and somewhere deep inside he remembered what it was to be human. He certainly remembered what it was to be in pain. In *that* pain.

The boy was hunched over on himself, rumpled and sobbing.

“Hej du.” The young man did not look up. Ronnie almost turned away. Anyone sitting on the wet gravel of a dark alleyway in this part of München probably wanted to be left alone. But. There was a scent. Something unusual and yet not entirely unfamiliar. And a pull within Ronnie that stopped him from turning away as he had intended. “Kid? Bist du in Ordnung?” He switched from his native Danish to German.

There was a pause in the sobbing for a moment. A shuddering breath and then a firm and cold voice. “Leave me alone.”

“Amerikansk? Engelsk?” Ronnie only realised as he spoke that he had edged closer to the boy. The scent stronger. The barely there street light falling across a mop of curly dark hair. “Long way from home.” Ronnie switched to English. He had never been ignorant of languages - had passable English and of course fluent Swedish. But in the years since his transformation he had travelled widely across Europe, picking up the other Germanic languages easily, and some of the romance languages also.

“I said leave me alone!” Now the boy raised his head. Red rimmed eyes angry and swollen. When he saw Ronnie he seemed to hesitate. And then he sniffed the air.

“Did you just smell me?” Ronnie asked, amused. What was this boy? Something interesting that he had never met before was certain. Not another vampire - they were surprisingly common. Ronnie himself had been transformed in the late 90s after the leader of the street gang to which he belonged picked a fight with the wrong people. He’d had his neck snapped. Or so he thought. Earlier that evening he had enjoyed the company of an interesting young woman, and she had bitten him. He had been surprised; she had laughed it off. When his neck had snapped he thought he had died. There had been a blinding light. But then he found he still existed. He could still move. As the noise died down he had turned his head. The bones had snapped audibly back into place and he surveyed the carnage that had once been his companions.

It had taken time. Years. But finally he had moved on. Away from Denmark, away from the vampires there who had been responsible for him. He had left with only the clothes on his back - his leather jacket, his glasses, his hair slicked back and on a motorcycle. A facsimile of the life he no longer occupied.

“You…” The boy’s eyes narrowed at him. He was new, so very new that it was almost endearing. Whatever he was, he had not been for long.

“I…? Am a vampire.” Ronnie had stepped so close now that he could feel the boy’s skin vibrating. Sense the air around him trembling with every breath in and out. Smell his blood. Thick, rich. It ran fast and hot through the boy’s veins. He felt it quicken and thud in response to his words, or perhaps his closeness.

“I… I am…” The blue eyes brimmed wet again though no tears fell, as though evaporated by the heat surging in waves from the boy’s skin.

“I can help you.” Ronnie found himself saying. He hadn’t intended to, and even so his hand reached out, reached down towards the boy.

“She… she said that you had to be born, you can’t be made… but…” Tears threatened but were held back and a hand reached to meet Ronnie’s. The look on the boy’s face betrayed his thoughts - he had not intended to accept the hand offered. And yet he did.

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Three weeks. Three weeks Ronnie had known the American boy. Aiden, a *loup garou*, a werewolf. Betrayed by his love - unknowingly, from the story that had tumbled out that first night. He had cried and Ronnie had let him. He had talked and Ronnie had listened.

The girl had been unable to stay with Aiden, burdened by her own guilt. He had let her go, told her to, reassured her. And then he had allowed himself to break - words spilling with tears. He had started in Romania, and made it to Germany, the incident that transformed him happening somewhere in between.

That evening spun into days, and then weeks as they grew closer, companionable. The boy told him of his art, though he had lost the passion for it. Drawing wolves was difficult now. Three weeks, and Ronnie had shared his story too. And more. Drunk, many nights they had been very drunk and shared their woes - lamenting the loss of their human lives. Drinking to the unknown before them.

And once. That once, that Ronnie could not forget - their lips had met. Soft, warm, so human and yet not at the same time. A moment they pressed together before Aiden laughed and passed out. His lips had burned into Ronnie’s and he understood. The scent, the draw to this young man. Ronnie had to taste him. The promise of Aiden’s blood made his mouth water.

That had been a week earlier and Ronnie had been unable to think of much else. Distracted as they travelled - heading north now. Towards the cold. Aiden craved it, so hot he had become as the wolf within burned through him. Ronnie wondered if he might burn into nothing. And that caused a pang. The thought of Aiden no longer being around caused an ache. And a thirst.

Snow now. And Aiden was still hot. The full moon almost upon them. The first since Aiden had been transformed. They had found shelter in a deserted and run down ski lodge. Aiden had paced the new confines as the moon rose. He muttered over and over the words his once love had told him. *The first will be painful. You will burn. And then you will be free, to change at will. But first the moon will burn you. I hope it doesn’t burn you to nothing.*

The moon did burn. Ronnie crouched in the corner of the room and watched his friend pace. He could smell the heat, feel it. It radiated through the room and smelled of cooking flesh. Aiden stripped as he went, clothes soaked with sweat, pulled from his body and discarded. With each layer Ronnie's mouth watered. So easy. It would be so easy to drink from Aiden. He was disoriented and fragile, despite the animalistic strength he had clearly yet to realise he possessed. He could be easily overpowered. Pinned. Fed upon. And yet, Ronnie only watched.

He watched as Aiden paced. He watched as he discarded his clothes. He watched as he threw open the door and started roaming incoherently in the snow. He followed the yet-to-be-wolf into the cold that neither of them could feel. The scene illuminated by a bright and fat moon. Pregnant with all the possibilities that lay before them.

Snow melted beneath Aiden's feet. And then beneath his body as he fell to his knees and slumped over to all fours. Ronnie watched with anticipation. Surprised when instead of transforming, Aiden turned to him, held out a hand and begged.

"Please. Please help me."

And Ronnie went to him. Friendship? Desire? Thirst? He was unsure, he was simply drawn. Called and drawn and answering. With Aiden in his arms he could feel the blood burning, Aiden's skin practically hissed against his own coolness. And he knew, with absolute certainty that Aiden was dying. That he would burn this night and exist no more. And there was the pang, the ache, the thirst.

"I cannot lose you." Ronnie admitted aloud before the words had fully formed in his head. Aiden clutched at him, trying to hold him, to hold onto his own life. There was nothing he could do to save Aiden. He would only keep his memories, short as they were, and hope that the depth of them outlasted their briefness and did not become lost in his mind as it added years upon years. There was only one thing left he could have - he could drink from Aiden. Take his blood within him as his instincts had urged him to since their first meeting. Let Aiden live on in some small way within him in.

"Please…" Aiden begged. His naked body trembling now, though not from the cold. "Release me. Help me… Please Ronnie, end this. The pain, I can't… help me end this…" Begging words were stilted, forced.

Ronnie soothed Aiden. Muttering sounds, running his hands over heated skin. Many years ago this would not have been the case. Eighteen years and being a vampire had not hardened him. It had softened him. It had made him lonely and appreciative of the life he no longer had. And now, he had that again. Or something similar. He had found someone who understood him, he could *see* him. He had no longer been lonely. If Aiden's blood within him was all he was allowed then it would have to be enough.

"I will help you my dear friend." The words spoken like a tender caress, whether he had intended or not. He felt Aiden slump slightly, the relief within the boy almost palpable.

Ronnie lowered his mouth to Aiden's neck and pressed his teeth into the flesh there. He savoured the heat of it, the pop as his teeth broke the skin, the warm flow into his mouth.

And it was delicious.

It was beyond anything Ronnie had ever tasted. He allowed the gentle flow over his tongue and down his throat and yet in his mind he bathed in the blood. In his mind it ran thick and fast around him, over him, through him. It washed in and out of him and it was Aiden.

A moan then, from the boy. Not pain, not fear. A hand reached up and cupped Ronnie's face. He had been expecting pain - a grasp, a clenching of a fist and ripping of skin, but instead a gentle caress that drew Ronnie closer. And then Ronnie found his hands had moved to Aiden's hips, pulling the younger man tighter to him as he drank.

He felt the naked flesh cooling, the heat receding as he drank. It passed, for a moment at least, into him. Warming him as though he were human again before it naturally cooled within him. Ronnie pulled back, blood moistening his lips. Aiden slumped. His rapid breaths slowing, his body cooling. Ronnie hadn't taken nearly as much as he had anticipated. Certainly not enough to kill the boy. And as evidence, there was Aiden's pulse, still thudding in his ears as it had done for the past three weeks.

"Help me…" A weak voice. Ronnie looked down at Aiden who was reaching up to him.

He moved forward and let Aiden take hold of him. He pulled himself up, started to turn and then to buck. And for a moment his blue eyes flashed at Ronnie's before they burned away into amber. With a snarl, Aiden's body turned, seemingly of it's own volition. His legs pushing off, and away. He twisted. What had once been hands landed and found purchase.

Ronnie was mesmerised by the beauty of the sight. The man that had been in his arms, now a wolf as he ran into the surrounding woods.

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Ronnie waited the day. Aiden had not returned within a few hours and Ronnie had to wonder if he would. What need would he have to return? But still, Ronnie waited the day. The sun had set and he still waited. He would wait until it set again he told himself, all the while wondering if he would wait the next day also. How long would he wait for Aiden to return?

Until death, he realised.

He had been sleeping when the door opened, moonlight pouring in. The brightness of the no longer quite full moon streamed across his face and he looked to the source to find Aiden standing in the doorway. He was clothed only in shadows and moonlight. A man now. Beautiful and radiant.

Aiden moved quickly, quicker than a human had any right to, and was at Ronnie's side within a moment.

"Thank you." Aiden crouched next to him, ran a hand into his hair and the other cupped his cheek and held him there. Held his gaze in the pools of once more blue eyes. "Thank you for your help, for stopping me from burning." He leaned in then and his lips brushed over Ronnie's.

“Are you going to kiss me?” He asked playfully. “As thanks?”

“No… I am going to kiss you as worship.” Aiden replied, bringing the truth of his words as he devoured Ronnie’s mouth.

A night of exploration then. Wolf and Night Angel and the heat between them. They woke entangled, as their lives had become in so short a time. Each drawn to the other, offering the other a completeness neither had found before. A belonging that would last them their long lives, that would have them forever conjoined.

As the sun rose Aiden’s body cooled. He hugged closer to Ronnie, though the vampire offered little body heat to warm him. A fact that did not seem to matter, and Ronnie would not question it. Instead he ran a hand along Aiden’s smooth side, over his perfectly rounded ass, to rest there.

Ronnie must have slept again because he woke once more and Aiden sat beside him. Sketchpad in hand, Ronnie saw himself brought to life in carbon on paper. His sleeping face, as Aiden saw him, exquisitely rendered. He pulled Aiden back to him, the pad set down as he allowed himself to be handled.

“You’re beautiful.” Ronnie muttered into curls.

“Beautiful? I turn into a fucking wolf for fuck’s sake.” The tone wasn’t angry but depressive. Aiden could clearly see no beauty in that, though Ronnie hoped he might change his mind. And of course, it could always be worse.

“That is nothing, I’m pretty sure that as I get older I will turn into a great big fucking bat. Which do you think is more beautiful?”

“At least you’ll be able to fly.” The levity in Aiden’s tone returned and mimicked his own.

“Sounds like something from a comic book.”

And that tweaked Aiden’s lips into the most glorious smile he had ever seen.

End Notes

Now with mini sequels in some chapters of Drabble Collection (Hannigram/RarePairs/AUs)

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